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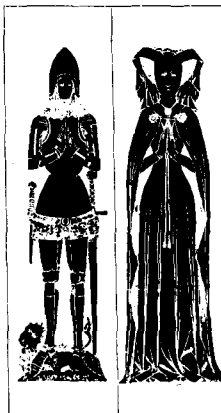
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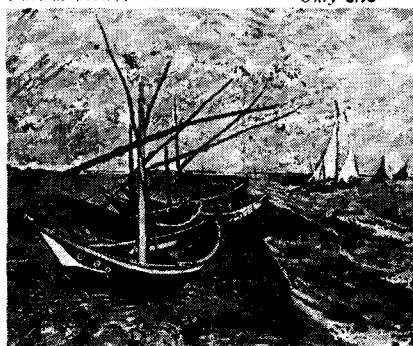


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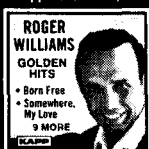
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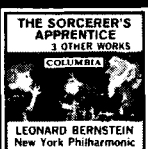
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Thanks, But No Thanks

★ The London *Economist* ranks so high in our estimation that we think its recent leading editorial, "Lyndon's Year," praising his Vietnam policy, deserves a thoughtful reply. In 1968, it tells Americans, "they have to decide, perhaps for a generation, whether they are essentially an eastward-looking people . . . or want to go on carrying their responsibilities westward into Asia as well."

Fortunately, the magazine continues, Americans "have recovered much of their self-confidence" and may be hoped to have "at last grasped what the 'domino theory' means." Mr. Johnson is a "global American" who represents "what is radical and adventurous in the American spirit"; he knows he is going into 1968 "with a war policy that still commands the support of a majority." Vietnam "is going to decide a wider issue—the war for southern Asia."

Well, well . . . The *Economist* has always been a strong and sophisticated friend of the US. (Its editor was once *The New Republic's* correspondent in Britain.) It has never been patronizing or condescending. But it is a little funny, in this instance, to think of some frustrated Englishman, steeped in the departed glories of British imperialism, sitting in his office and telling the USA to carry on.

The trouble is things have changed. The \$30 billions a year the US puts into Vietnam are desperately needed at home to help meet social problems that have led to racial guerrilla war, a cancer so deep and cruel that it is hard for the English to understand.

There is a different instinct, too. England always managed to turn a pretty

penny out of its colonialism. Imperialism became a way of life that brought wealth to Manchester and Liverpool. But Vietnam just means deficits to the US in the social reforms it ought to be making. Of course US hawks think they can win the war by bombs and napalm and make those little Vietnamese "beggars" love us. But did the Hindus ever really love British sahibs in the Raj?

The *Economist* does not seem to grasp the two basic positions of the US war critics. The first is that we undertook the war under mistaken assumptions. The second, that we are fighting it the wrong way.

As to the first, the theory was that there was a global communist conspiracy—but this evaporated when Moscow and Peking split. The war was supposed to halt Chinese aggression, but actually the Vietnamese leaders, though they were communists, were fiercely nationalistic. In logic they were our natural allies against China. They were the type we support in Europe to wall off Russia. Mr. Johnson pledged to limit the war, but he has taken us in deeper and deeper.

The second point is the belief that the present method of fighting the war can't win. Somebody has liberated a hope amongst the peasants of Asia. We are facing an Idea. You can't defeat an Idea by bombs. You can only meet it with another Idea. We have vainly tried doing this. It hasn't worked and that's why the Viet Cong fight recklessly while the dispirited South Vietnamese often fight a 5½ day week with no night work.

The *Baltimore Sun's* correspondent, Peter Kumpa, in Hong Kong last fall quizzed a group of veteran war correspondents on leave there: "Not a correspondent," he cabled, "thought it [the war] could be won with the present policy of more military pressure, more troops, more bombing."

There is another fear that an intelligent magazine like the *Economist* should understand. The US Defense Department is now the mightiest concentration of economic power in the world. It takes half the budget. Its power has almost doubled since Eisenhower (1961) warned against "the military-industrial complex." Nearly one in 10 Americans employed owes

his job to defense spending. It is terrifying and Mr. McNamara, who curbed it, is now out.

We wonder if the *Economist* is confusing the opposition to Vietnam with that of the Little Englanders to the Boer War? Oh, yes, there is plenty of revulsion here now against hitting a small nation based on sentiment and humanity. But I am specifically dealing with the pragmatic, international arguments that the *Economist* raises. As a *weltpolitik* ploy there is substantial feeling that it won't work; certainly not as it is being conducted.

We suspect the *Economist* fears American war opponents favor a scuttle-and-run policy. We don't see how that follows at all. It is true that some critics would quit instantly. Mr. Johnson and his backers constantly erect this straw man.

"Holding the line in South Vietnam is essential," said Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., after assailing escalation of the war. Men like Henry Kissinger and James MacGregor Burns have taken the same position. Walter Lippmann does not advocate instant pullout. Slow the thing down to promote negotiations, he and other leaders say.

For generations the *Economist* has been a leading advocate of free trade. But the war threatens free trade. In last week's *Wall Street Journal* Kenneth Galbraith notes President Johnson's drastic new proposals to protect the dollar—restrictions on capital movements, on imports and on travel. What makes these odious proposals necessary, he asks? Why, Vietnam! He appeals to the business-financial community to save itself from "wholly avoidable disaster" by halting "the mindless escalation of the last three years."

The London *Economist* knows a great deal about America but it may know less than it thinks. It is really rather naïve to take sides so sharply in a bitter and complex domestic issue and to accept as real the Johnson-Pentagon straw man—the threat that if the Administration rationalizes its policy in Vietnam it inevitably means the US will turn its back on the Pacific.

The brutal truth is that American revulsion over escalation, if present policies continue, threatens to produce that very isolationism the *Economist* fears.

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The Fearsome Five

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It seemed for many months that the Administration was going to let the anti-Vietnam, anti-draft activists "have their fun," subject only to the occasional enforcement of local ordinances against them, and the erratic wielding of General Hershey's meat axe, which the President would not, and the Attorney General apparently could not, restrain. But a brand-new policy has been inaugurated with the indictment the Administration obtained from a federal grand jury in Boston against William Sloane Coffin Jr., the chaplain of Yale University; Dr. Benjamin Spock, the pediatrician; Marcus Raskin, former White House assistant to McGeorge Bundy and now co-director of a private Institute for Policy Studies in Washington; Mitchell Goodman, a New York writer; and Michael Ferber, a Harvard graduate student. These five defendants are charged with a conspiracy to counsel and abet violation of the Selective Service Law.

Why the change in policy? Why an indictment against these five? Why in Boston? The earlier policy of "enough rope" ought to have looked pretty good to the Administration. The demonstrators and resisters did not seem to be making converts where it counts politically, among the great mass of American voters. And on the other hand, their spirit and numbers were such that indictments and even convictions could hardly be expected to stop them: they are determined to convey, by a variety of symbolic gestures, their certainty that this war is insane. Perhaps a hawkish gesture was desired, aligning the Administration's course in Vietnam with a popular position on law and order. The trial in Boston may start at the same time as spring and summer disorders in the streets. Moreover, Spock, Coffin and company kept challenging the Justice Department to bring charges against them, and no prosecutor can very long stay his hand under such circumstances without tendering some public explanation. An indictment was politically preferable to an explanation, no doubt.

Why these five? The leading roles taken by Spock and Coffin speak for themselves. With respect to the other three, we may know better when the government comes forward with its evidence, or we may never be able to guess. As for Boston - it could certainly have been Washington or New York - technical and administrative considerations may have governed the choice, although by an interesting coincidence, Senator Eugene McCarthy will be running as an anti-war candidate in the Massachusetts Democratic Party this spring.

The case looks to be complex and drawn out, arriving in due time,

most probably, in the Supreme Court. It may, in part, bring to the fore questions of the President's constitutional power to wage full-scale war without benefit of a congressional declaration of war, and of the lawfulness of the war, and of the means employed in conducting it, under relevant international obligations binding on the United States, including the United Nations Charter. But these issues arise, if at all, only on the periphery of the Boston indictment, and it is very dubious that they are of the sort that courts should undertake to resolve. The Supreme Court has refused to address itself to them in cases of soldiers who have disobeyed orders to serve in Vietnam, and it is unlikely to take them on when they are more indirectly involved. Yet other questions, less world-shaking, but nonetheless important and plainly apt for judicial resolution, will come up. The indictment certainly skirts close to an area of free speech protected by the First Amendment. Whether or not what the indictment calls abetting violations of the Selective Service Act and regulations, as by collecting draft cards and depositing them in the Justice Department, may be constitutionally punished, it is quite a question whether the government may forbid an ordained minister – and others, for that matter – to counsel people that they should follow their own conscience. Moreover, at

least some of the young men so counseled may actually have been entitled to conscientious exemption under the draft law. Is a minister required to decide the legal question of exemption *before* he tells a young man that he should do what he thinks is right, and are any of us debarred from discussing the ancient problem of the conflict between law and conscience before an audience that is not draft-exempt?

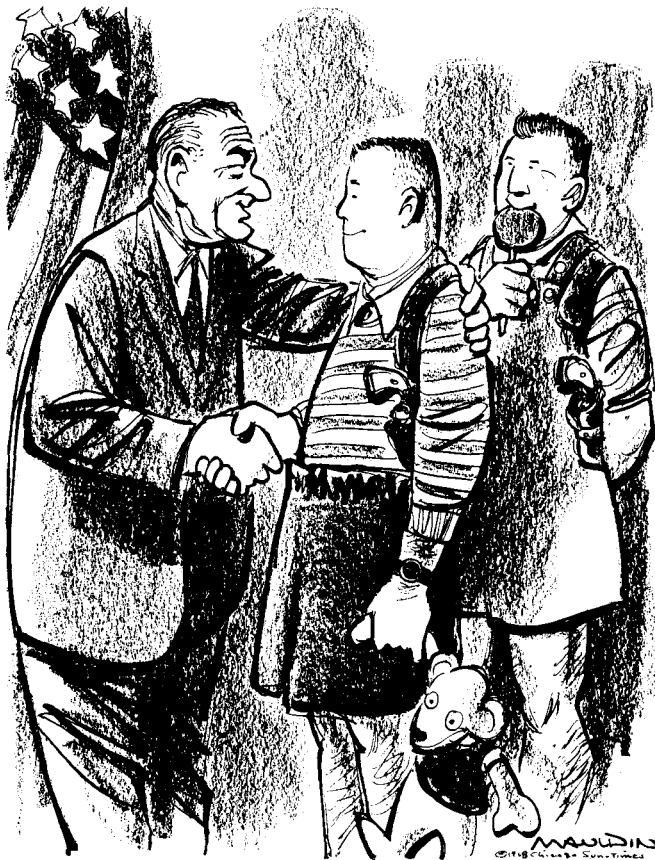
"In the forum of conscience," Chief Justice Hughes once wrote, "duty to a moral power higher than the state has always been maintained." Many of the overt acts charged by the Boston indictment amount to no more than speaking and writing, and "in the forum of conscience." The First Amendment may be found to protect such activity, even though its tendency is to cause young men to resist the draft.

Other issues that will emerge at the trial concern the validity of the law and regulations supposedly violated in collecting draft cards, and the existence, in fact and in law, of a conspiracy. The outcome of the case cannot be predicted. Nor can the significance of these indictments be underrated as a further effort to discredit and discourage opposition to the war.

Where Are the Jobless?

In a television interview December 18, President Johnson promised that if private industry did not come up with a massive job-creation program, the government would be obliged to step in and become the employer of last resort. That pledge should be kept in mind while reading the unemployment figures for December. They show a slight drop in the jobless rate, 3.7 percent. The nonwhite rate is over double the white rate, and the overall national figures do not show where the worst troubles are. For this, we must go back to the report issued in mid-December by Secretary of Labor Wirtz, who reported that in the first nine months of 1967, 15 of our largest metropolitan areas accounted for nearly 40 percent of nonwhite unemployment. In Detroit, over three times as many nonwhites (10.7 percent) were unemployed as whites.

The nonwhite jobless rate for the Los Angeles-Long Beach area was 9.1 percent and 9.8 percent in San Francisco-Oakland – this in the state which has more prime defense contracts than any other. The figure for white unemployment in Chicago was 2.8 percent, 8.5 percent for the nonwhite civilian labor force; Baltimore – 8.3 to 2.3; St. Louis – 3.1 percent of whites out of work, 12.7 percent nonwhite. Newark – 3.8 percent white, 10.5 percent nonwhite. Perhaps in his State of the Union message, the President will take note of this inflammable situation and tell us what the government proposes to do about it.



"So you're the agents who got the goods on Dr. Spock."

Minus for the Democrats

What is the White House scared of? Joseph Rauh posed the question after the District of Columbia Democratic Central Committee met behind closed doors January 9, amid reports of White House pressure, and tossed out the party's tradition of giving voters a chance to speak on issues and personalities in a primary. The obvious answer to the question is: the voters. They should take note of what's happening to their party. By voting to bar both a peace referendum and a presidential preference contest from the May 7 D.C. primary ballot, the Democratic Central Committee (under the law, the committee must make the request for such referendums) is acting in the pattern of autocratic behavior that typifies the men and women who run the political errands for the White House these days.

In a sense, the D.C. committee action was anti-climactic, coming as it did on the heels of Democratic National Chairman John Bailey's high-handed refusal to allow Sen. Eugene McCarthy to appear before the Democratic National Committee at its January 8 meeting in Chicago, on the ground that only "procedural" matters were under discussion. Bailey has been telling Democrats for months that they already have a candidate — and his name is Lyndon Johnson. Although not a single primary has been held, Democrats had best shut up and like it.

Rauh, who was in Chicago, described the Bailey-run operation there as "the lowest point I've seen in politics." He found widespread opposition to the war in Vietnam ("A secret vote on Vietnam as a policy issue would be close on the national committee," Rauh observed, after talking to a number of his ex-colleagues). But, in case after case, opposition to the war is coupled with support for President Johnson. One plausible explanation for this is that few Democrats want to tangle with the dictatorial tactics being used by the White House.

Upon his return to Washington, Rauh found the D.C. Central Committee members jumping through the hoop like trained dogs, after pressure was applied from the White House, the Democratic National Committee, and at least one associate of Vice President Hubert Humphrey. "I know for a fact there was pressure," Rauh said. The White House people seemed intent on "directing every little bit of pressure on every situation."

It gets back to the old Johnson-Connally problem of "overkill."

That leaves just the rank-and-file voters to deal with, and here the White House may run into trouble, which is no doubt the reason it's scared. Rauh, a practical politician suggests the first step in D.C. is to "run a

massive registration drive for peace" and let tactical problems rest until March.

Obviously, there was an advantage in having the peace issue on the ballot as a referendum. Lacking this, opponents of LBJ will have to field a "peace slate" of delegates to the national convention, a slate that will probably lack the name-pulling power of the Central Committee's pro-Johnson slate.

Nevertheless, there will be a choice, even if it annoys the White House.

... and a Small Plus

At the 1964 Democratic national convention the white Mississippi delegation had all the credentials needed to be seated, while the rival black Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, excluded from the regular party organization, had none. The latter, for instance, had not gone through the complicated formalities of holding preliminary county conventions throughout the state to elect delegates to a state convention which in turn would send a delegation to the national convention in Atlantic City.

But the Mississippi Freedom Democrats found a defender in Joseph Rauh — a member of the National Committee from Washington, D. C. — and the convention was moved by Rauh's brief for the Freedom Democrats to agree to seat two of them as voting, "at large" delegates. The others were invited to sit in as guests. As one national committeeman said, "To seat the 68 regular Mississippi delegates takes care of the legal problem, and to seat the two Negroes takes care of the emotional, I could even say, the moral problem." The Freedom Democrats considered it a defeat.

This year's Democratic national convention will in all likelihood handle such matters differently. Last week the National Committee, meeting in Chicago, agreed to give legal precedence in the '68 convention to "broadly representative" delegations. Thus, if state parties discriminate against Negroes in party activities or in the selection of convention delegates, the convention's credentials committee can refuse to seat the regular delegation, turning over vacant seats to an integrated group. The National Committee statement, adopted with the support of Southerners present, expressed the understanding that state parties sending delegations to the convention August 26 will undertake "to assure that voters in the state, regardless of race, color, creed or national origin, will have the opportunity to participate fully in party affairs."

The resolution is without teeth; the credentials committee may still betray its spirit. But for the first time, an explicit as well as a moral claim to recognition will reside with integrated delegations.

Division Among Scholars

We want the uncommon sense of the specialists to help guide us through this problem-ridden life. Lacking that, judgments would be no more than hunches and our choices made in the darkness of ignorance. So we look to "experts" for the "truth" about Vietnam, for informed opinions on what will or won't work. Only to discover, again, that for every two specialists, there are three opinions, and that the conduct of foreign affairs is as inexact a science as medicine or the repair of cars.

No sooner had Professor John Fairbank prepared his comment ("Perspective on Vietnam," page 15) on the "moderate" statement of 14 scholars on US policy in Asia, than there appeared a counterstatement by 26 other "specialists in Asian affairs, international relations and American foreign policy." The 26 are as intelligent, concerned and qualified as the 14. Among them are eminent scholars from Harvard, Yale, Stanford, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, Michigan, Wisconsin, the University of California, UCLA, Princeton, Syracuse and Brown. Yet they do not see eye to eye with their 14 colleagues and deny their claim "to represent the unheard voices of academic moderates." Nothing in the statement of the 14, they say, "conflicts with the basic tenets of the Johnson Administration's policies in Southeast Asia, but we would not describe those policies as moderate."

The 26 charge that the 14 fail the test of moderation "by alleging that domestic criticism of [Administration] policies sustains Hanoi's war effort. This is an unfair and grossly inaccurate charge and echoes the Administration's current campaign to silence critics and discredit alternative suggestions for resolving the Vietnam conflict." The 26 believe that the "moderate" manifesto of their brethren avoids the central issue—"whether current American policies in Asia are realistic and wise," and they note that although the 14 "ask for new styles and new emphases" that plea is not wholly consistent with their recommendation that we "stay the course" in Vietnam.

Drug Prices

Senator Gaylord Nelson's harping about the high cost of drugs has produced token price cuts. In November the Schering Corporation decided it could afford to sell its arthritis drug, Meticorten (prednisone), for \$10.80 per hundred tablets instead of the \$17.90 it had been charging. Then, on January 3, Parke, Davis & Co. followed suit and reduced its price for the same drug (which it sells under the name Paracort) from \$17 to \$3.45 per hundred. There was little else the

company could do. Harold Burrows—president of Parke, Davis—had admitted under Nelson's questioning last summer that he knew of no significant difference between the expensive Parke, Davis prednisone and the product sold for less by other companies. What patients pay for in higher prices, he said, are intangibles like corporate reputations, which aren't high.

Announcing the Parke, Davis price drop, Senator Nelson remarked that "it is good to see some healthy competition in the drug industry." He was grateful for small favors. There are 18 companies that sell the same prednisone for less than either Schering or Parke, Davis. Ten of them sell prednisone to pharmacists for less than \$1 a hundred. There is nothing competitive about either company's reduction. It is a sham.

He's Up, He's Down

If opinion polls elected presidents, Rockefeller, Nixon, Kennedy, Johnson, Reagan, Lindsay, Percy and Romney would all have been elected at one point or another in 1967. If polls made policy and then changed it when the public changed its mind, last year would have been even more chaotic and irrational than it was. Exactly what role polls have in influencing events is impossible to divine. But that events of the utmost inconsequence often determine their results is plain.

Take these headlines: "Romney Would Defeat Johnson, But Nixon Would Lose to President"; "LBJ Pulls Even With Romney; Gain Laid to Handling of War"; "Romney Slips Behind Nixon as 1968 Presidential Choice"; "Romney Slips to 4th in Presidential Poll"; "Nixon Popularity on Wane, Trails Johnson and Kennedy"; "Nixon First in GOP But Trails Johnson"; "Kennedy Holds Wide Voter Support"; "Robert Kennedy's Popularity Falls"; "Rocky, Kennedy Strength Grows"; "52 to 32 Prefer RFK to LBJ"; "LBJ Rating at Record Low"; "LBJ Trails the Whole GOP Field"; "Public Confidence in President Plunges to All-Time Low of 23 Percent"; "Johnson Regains Popularity."

You don't have to read much further than the captions on these Louis Harris polls published last year to know a healthy lead in a hypothetical presidential race can be erased by the most improbable and insignificant event. The Harris poll published by the *Atlanta Constitution* September 12 had Romney's popularity enhanced by his handling of the Detroit riots. But the next week he'd been "brainwashed" and had slipped to 4th against Johnson after Rocky, Reagan, Nixon. Robert Kennedy took a tumble because he tried to muzzle Manchester. President Johnson sat out the Middle East crisis, for which he was rewarded in the polls. He had a meeting of no apparent consequence

with Premier Kosygin and that did almost as much for Mr. Johnson's popularity as it did for Glassboro, New Jersey. Hubert Humphrey made a "remarkable political comeback," according to Harris, in the six months prior to May 1, and a "major cause" of that "surge" was a trip the vice president had taken to Europe. In December the Harris column in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* had Johnson reversing the downward trend in his popularity "in the wake of the 'real Johnson' style of his recent press conference. . . ."

It would seem from all this that the way to be "elected" in the opinion polls is to visit as many heads of state as possible, or just go on trips (despite new travel restrictions), and to hold your tongue in public. But if you must speak out, do so with feeling accompanied by spontaneous gestures.

Inka Dinka Doo

Los Angeles

From among the cherubs and sadists hosting the "talk" shows which account for every hour of the Los Angeles Television Day, a new star has risen—Mayor Sam. Of the "Sam Yorty Show." A million Angelenos have spent an hour every Sunday evening for the past 26 weeks watching their mayor rubbing noses with celebrities. The station, KHJ-TV, is selling soap and Sam is lathering up the voters with the greatest uncle act in the business.

The nationally sponsored show is the highest rated non-network product in the city. New York's Lindsay recently premiered an ombudsmania version on WNEW-TV. Mayors Byrne of St. Paul, Cavanagh of Detroit, and Naftalin of Minneapolis are considering the Yorty prototype.

The format is simple, and cheap. The only preparation Yorty puts into the show is digesting thumbnail biographies of his unpaid guests 15 minutes before taping. These the mayor faithfully memorizes, which enables him to delight guests and audience with ad-libs like, "Gee . . . I wonder if the folks know, governor, that you used to fight under the name of. . . ." The three or four guests per show, taken one at a time, are a political figure (Richard Nixon, or ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia), a show biz personality ("Duke" Wayne, Art Linkletter) and some cheesecake.

Nearly all of each show is consumed in chat like:

Yorty—Well, I tell you! That picture [Stanley Kramer's *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*] is gonna be a sensation! Of course, you don't seem at all afraid of taking very controversial subjects . . . mixed marriages. . . . That takes a lot of courage.

Kramer—I don't think that takes courage.

Yorty—Well, it's sensationally dramatic.

Kramer—It's wonderful to hear a kind word.

Yorty—Awww! You know, there's not a bad performance in that picture!

Kramer—You know, you're very kind. And as you speak I keep thinking in my mind what can I do for your reelection? Or . . . I . . . You know. . . . Just offhand, I haven't thought of anything yet, but you let me know.

"We have a rule here," says Sam. "We don't embarrass our guests." Sam is no Joe Pyne. Hostility is directed only at the mayor's arch enemy, *The Los Angeles Times*, and at the show's producer, Jack Rourke, who "acts as the mayor's sidekick." The mayor inspires many, many laughs making fun of Rourke's inability to read through a TelePrompter without an unfortunate boner. Other than that, Sam puts no one down. "Not that he couldn't," insists Rourke. "Yorty is the greatest debater I've ever heard. Why, he can top an opponent by sheer force of volume! What a voice!"

Touchy subjects (e.g., questioning guest George Romney on his "brainwashing") are avoided.

The noncontroversy format is essential to the promotion of Sam's image, which is the point of it all. His hour-a-week platform—invulnerable to equal-time rulings—may cinch Yorty's rise to the Senate or even the Vice Presidency (according to one guest, H. L. Hunt). The value of the show, his producer readily admits, is not in exposing Yorty's politics, but his grin, clean sense of humor and ingratiating personality. Politics only occasionally rise to the surface. To Nixon:

"You know Dick, you and I have both fought the communists, and they never forget it, the communists and their allies. . . . And they'll fight you forever in strange ways. . . . Unless you know the ways you wouldn't even recognize it . . . but . . . aaahh . . . I . . . I . . . think that as of today with the general attitude of sort of disbelief about the communists . . . that if you call a communist a communist they say, well, you're a McCarthyite. But I think they're making more progress, they're more effective in their subversion than they have been since I can remember, actually."

Yorty went on to quote and second J. Edgar Hoover in condemning "the forces of varying motivations and goals . . . all joined in the united . . . disrespect for the teachings of God."

But oratory is rare. Mostly the panel looks at family snapshots in each other's wallets. Nixon's discussion on the war was aborted by Bob Hope wandering onto the set, kneading Nixon's knee, and correctly noting his brilliant make-up job.

"The Sam Yorty Show" has been renewed for a

third segment of 13 weeks. Nationwide syndication is imminent if Yorty chooses not to run for the Senate in March. The Christmas Eve show was distinguished by Yorty and Johnny Mathis (replacing Clayton and Jackson) joining Jimmy Durante in a chorus of "Inka Dinka Doo."

Yorty - We all love ya, Jimmy!

Durante - Thank you, Mr. Mayor. How's it feel to be on the other side of the fence? Ha, Ha.

Yorty - Well, I don't know. We don't do anything here. I said to Bess one night, "I don't know why people want to watch this show!"

NEAL WHITE

The Face of Justice

Antioch College

The news bureau here has a large looseleaf notebook marked "Cincinnati Protest, December 1967," packed with hundreds of clippings from as far away as Taiwan to a sardonic line in *Time*. The clippings begin with an undramatic announcement of a plan by Antioch students and others to turn in their draft cards and to sit-in on the Cincinnati induction center. There is a report two days later on a training session for demonstrators. Decourcy Squire, a second-year Antioch co-ed, explained how to resist arrest nonviolently and without getting hurt. In case of arrest, "if you cooperate with the judge, you can usually get a suspended sentence."

From December 4 to 8 there is a burst of dramatic pictures and stories:

- ▶ a score of young men dipping their draft cards in blood and returning them to the Selective Service System;

- ▶ 50 students sitting on the sidewalk outside the Cincinnati federal building, huddled for protection against the cold and a marauding gang which had been invited by police to harass the demonstrators;

- ▶ an inductee plowing like a fullback over persons sitting in front of the induction office;

- ▶ 87 persons being dragged by hair and heel into police vans;

- ▶ an irascible magistrate (1) interrupting the arraignment of the protesters to sentence three young men to a month in the 107-year-old workhouse for making noise in their cells, even though they didn't know they were in jail next to the court, had not been advised of their rights, and the only witness against them testified that he observed two of them "doing nothing"; (2) instantly sentencing two noncooperating teen-agers to two months in the workhouse; and (3)

tripling the normal bail for each defendant.

There is a gap in the clippings. No one caught the story of the crisis which hit Antioch College and the community response to it. Demonstrations and arrests are almost a part of the general education program of Antioch, but when it became known that every twelfth student was in jail, much of the normal operation of the college came to a halt while students, professors and parents raised \$60,000 bail and retained lawyers for 67 defendants.

The clippings end on December 18 and 19 with two stories. First, there is an account of an interchange between a group of 16 Cincinnati citizens (ministers, priests, rabbis and others) and a city councilman, John Held. The group had interviewed students and observers and had found considerable evidence of police brutality and abuse of due process by the police court magistrate. Councilman Held charged that "these same people criticized our handling of the riots last summer." They are, he continued, "directly contributing to violation of law by challenging the methods used by police during the sit-in." Second, there is a poignant account of the transfer of Decourcy Squire, one of the noncooperating teen-agers, to the state mental hospital for physical and mental examinations. She had been, and still is, fasting in protest against her unjust imprisonment.

Those were the events of "Cincinnati Protest, December 1967." Should they be taken as the signals of a police state early-warning system? There is reason to think they should. Cincinnati, like many other cities, feels threatened by the disruption of traditional values and patterns, and the custodians of the status quo are fed up with students who are proclaiming a new morality of freedom. "Cincinnati is a dowdy, old, conventional town," Councilman Held said, "and we feel very strongly about law and order here."

But from another perspective, there was nothing terribly new in the affair. The face of justice - furious police and an irascible magistrate - which the students saw is exactly the face which the great bulk of America's petty offenders see day in and day out. Only one thing was different. The mass media, in their strange fascination for rebellious youth, followed the students wherever they went.

Edmond Cahn wrote a book some years ago (*The Sense of Injustice*) in which he insisted that the idea of justice is obscure until one experiences, firsthand or vicariously, an injustice. It could be that these Antioch students - for all their hair and dirt - have unveiled the face of justice as seen by petty defendants - persons accused of loitering, trespassing, vagrancy and resisting arrest. And the face of that police court justice is ghastly.

ALVIN L. DENMAN

Next November in Texas

LBJ Will Make It Despite a GOP Trend

President Johnson most likely will carry his home state in 1968, but his margin will by no means approach the 704,619-vote plurality he achieved in 1964. The preponderance of Texas voters to be wooed away from Johnson are conservatives who want to get on with winning the war and clamping down on the ghettos. There is a Republican trend. In seven recent legislative elections, the GOP won four and ran above 40 percent in the other three races, a Republican record unheard of until the 1960's. Two of the victories came in Houston districts whose boundaries are the same as congressional districts. The Republicans elected from Houston were the first from that city ever sent to the state legislature. A third GOP win was in part of Johnson's old congressional district and the winner is the first Republican sent to the legislature from Austin since the 1870's. Recently a Democratic legislator turned Republican, and other conservative Democrats are considering doing the same. In Houston, the only Republican city councilman ran way ahead of everybody else last November, polling more than 100,000 votes, probably a record for a Texas local election. In Dallas, Midland and elsewhere, Republicans fully expect to elect many local officials and legislators, an expectation Democrats do not challenge. A well-informed political writer at Dallas writes that "with the possible exception of the Haight-Ashbury area of San Francisco, Lyndon Johnson's popularity is no lower anywhere than it is in Dallas." Most, if not all, Young Republican clubs are now larger than Young Democrat groups on the state's campuses.

A recent Associated Press survey of the state's 23-man delegation to the US House of Representatives showed that five of the congressmen (including the two Republicans) believe the President is in trouble in their districts this year; three said the issue is in doubt, seven were noncommittal, eight believe LBJ will carry their districts.

Despite all this, Johnson's Texas opponents, be they Democrats, Republicans or Independents, don't think LBJ can be deprived of the state's 25 electoral votes. A President, however unpopular, is hard to beat in his home state. Truman carried Missouri in 1948; Hoover, Iowa in 1928; Cleveland, New Jersey in 1888; and Lincoln, Illinois in 1864. Many influential

Texans feel tangible benefits accrue to them by having a Texan in the White House. In Texas, Johnson men are rooted in the defense industries, banking, oil, real estate. They and Johnson share an understanding of and appreciation for the uses of power. These men aren't misty-eyed about Johnson. Not many Texans particularly like him. But loving Johnson isn't the point; power is what it's all about — and Texas ranks second in getting prime defense contracts.

Texas labor perhaps won't go all the way with LBJ in 1968 as it did in 1964. Nonetheless, its leadership is committed to Johnson. Probably most of the rank and file will go along, though there is dissatisfaction about Vietnam. Similarly, most of the state's Young Democrats are behind Johnson, though there is a vocal minority who don't like the war.

Most Texas liberals, hopeful of electing their first governor in 30 years and doubtful of the chances of denying LBJ the nomination, will at least vote for the President, though many won't work actively for him.

Mexican-Americans in Texas are unhappy about the disproportionate number of casualties their people are suffering in Vietnam. They incline to the Republicans. The editor of a Negro newspaper in Houston believes Johnson will win Negro support, though criticism of the President by people like Martin Luther King is having some impact, even when the critics suggest no meaningful alternative to reelecting Johnson.

Texas Republicans might hope to take the state were it not for the demise of the poll tax and the resultant record registration expected for 1968. Potentially, the state has five million voters. The most ever registered was 2,942,766 in 1964. There is talk of between four million and 4.5 million registrants this year. Most new voters will be for Johnson.

There is, perhaps surprisingly, a significant peace movement in Texas. It is made up of students, college professors, military personnel, some middle- and upper-class business and professional people. Many of them would like nothing better than to take Johnson's home state away from him this year, but they are not working to do so. Some feel 1968 is not the year; others say whether Johnson carries Texas is immaterial, what matters is what happens to him nationally.

Allard K. Lowenstein, one of the leaders of the Eugene McCarthy campaign, has made two trips to Texas in recent weeks, visiting liberal Democrats in Austin, Dallas and Amarillo. Lowenstein inquired, in telephone conversations with Texas liberals prior to visiting the state, about the chances of liberals taking over the Democratic Party machinery this year and sending an uninstructed delegation to the national convention in Chicago. He was told there is no hope of this. Conservative Democratic precincts gave Gov. John Connally a heavy vote in 1966, and precinct,

county and state convention strength is apportioned on the gubernatorial vote in the preceding general election. If necessary, the Johnson-Connally people now in control of the party would not hesitate to steal the state convention, to assure that LBJ delegates were sent to Chicago.

Lowenstein suggested that anti-Johnson Democrats in the state organize to make as much dissident racket as possible. Any disunity in Johnson's state would have national impact. He found few Texans willing.

Former Alabama Gov. George Wallace hopes to get on the Texas ballot but is complaining publicly that state officials are unhelpful in answering procedural inquiries of his partisans. It is doubtful that Johnson will have much trouble in Texas from any third party.

Texas Republicans appear interested in a key role in naming the Republican nominee at Miami Beach. The favorite-son ploy that Republicans advocate nationally, as a way to avoid intraparty friction before their national convention, may not work in Texas. The favorite son is Senator John Tower, but there is increasing pressure, particularly in Houston, for the state party to get behind Ronald Reagan from the start. However, the state chairman, Peter O'Donnell, favors Nixon and is holding the favorite-son line.

Governor Connally decided in November not to seek reelection. At first there was shock that the governor should desert the President, in Johnson's time of need. Now it appears Johnson may not have wanted Connally on the ticket this year. Connally was losing support among important blocs of voters. Johnson didn't ask Connally to run. He would have been running for a fourth term; three terms is now the customary limit. Connally's opposition includes the 1.6 million Mexican-Americans, now becoming politically active. Connally stung them in 1966 by refusing to appear at a Labor Day rally that climaxed a march of Mexican-American farm workers protesting low wages. Negroes, to a lesser extent, are also unhappy with Connally. Negroes who formerly supported him accuse him of a "superior white man role" and call him a "plantation

boss." In his first gubernatorial race, in 1962, Connally courted Negroes' votes more actively than most Texas candidates had done until then; he appeared in Negro precincts and worked with Negro leaders.

Who will be the President's preference in the gubernatorial race? Johnson surely wants a candidate who will not exacerbate the differences between liberals and conservatives in the Texas Democratic Party. Three ambassadors are being mentioned: Eugene Locke of Dallas, who is deputy ambassador to Vietnam; Ed Clark of Austin, ambassador to Australia; and W. W. Heath of Austin, ambassador to Sweden. Clark, despite having been Austin's most powerful lobbyist, is the one who could run with some liberal support, but not much. All three would be highly acceptable to conservatives. Vastly more exciting to liberals would be either US Sen. Ralph Yarborough, or Houston attorney Don Yarborough (no relation). The senator has run three times unsuccessfully for governor; the other Yarborough twice.

Senator Yarborough and Johnson have long-standing political and personal differences. Yarborough would be expected to run a campaign that kept some distance between himself and the President. He would stick to state issues. Vietnam would not be an issue. Yarborough is wary of the policy in Asia, but is mindful of the state's hawkish plurality. A primary victory by Senator Yarborough would push many conservative Democrats into the Republican Party. But Johnson still would have reasons to prefer his candidacy to others. It would galvanize the state's liberals, who do the real grass roots work for the party but have been out of power at the Texas Capitol for 30 years. "You can't antagonize Texas liberals and expect to win," one conservative East Texas representative says. "They are becoming a force." A leading Texas liberal agrees. "I doubt that Johnson can carry Texas unless the liberals have a strong incentive for a pull-one-lever [straight party ticket] operation; that is, good local and state candidates. . . . Who would do the work in the Democratic precincts if not liberals? I never knew a conservative or a moderate Democrat who was willing to go out in that cold, wet November day we're going to have in 1968, go door-to-door and generate interest," she says.

The President will make his wishes known, circulating the word in the right political circles. If the word is "Yarborough," and if he is successful, Texas liberals would consider it a high irony to have a liberal governor elected in Texas because of Lyndon Johnson's political needs. The lethal effect LBJ has had on the liberal movement here dates back at least 12 years.

GREG OLDS

COMING: *McCarthy's
confrontation with
California—a report
by Paul Wieck*

GREG OLDS is the editor of The Texas Observer.

Perspective On Vietnam

*"We in America are in some danger of
heading into the kind of stalemated disarray
that has overtaken Chinese politics."*

by John K. Fairbank

A presidential election is our quadrennial substitute for rebellion and civil war. It tends to politicize all discussion, and the East Asian area specialists, who are now popular again, find themselves no exception. Politics seeks to make bedfellows of them, but they find the political mattress bumpy and it is neither fun nor restful.

Vietnam poses issues of immediate tactics, short-term strategy, long-term goals and ultimate cultural values. These issues all involve one another, but it is very hard to discuss them one at a time. Instead, each citizen feels impelled to seize upon his own bit of truth and stand upon it. Consequently we in America are in some danger of heading into the kind of stalemated disarray that has overtaken Chinese politics. Fears and frustrations, conscious and unconscious, are compounded in both countries by resentment against the manipulations of hard-pressed and fallible leaders. We face an eventual breakdown of rational analysis and a recourse instead to individual heroism or collective patriotism or other virtues that will not in themselves solve our real problems. We need more common perspective, both within America and across the Pacific. We all have an interest in making this intellectual effort, for if we burrow blindly ahead from both sides, we may find only fireballs at the end of the tunnel.

This alarmism is inspired by the case of the statement put out under Freedom House auspices in *The New York Times* of December 20. Of the 14 signers, who had conferred for two days in October at Tuxedo, N.Y., 10 are political scientists at centers like Michigan, Berkeley, Columbia, Princeton and MIT. From

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years of following closely the vicissitudes of nationalist revolutions and power politics in Asia, they are by training inured to the propensity of human groups to coerce one another. They accept power politics and warfare as facts of life. Robert Scalapino of Berkeley in 1960 wrote the report of Conlon Associates that enraged Taipei by suggesting two Chinas actually exist. Doak Barnett of Columbia in early 1966 opened the window toward China, or at least pulled up the shade, by urging "containment without isolation." Edwin Reischauer of Harvard is, of course, an honorary political scientist after six years intensive field work at Amembassy, Tokyo.

Their well-informed statement packs together a great many guidelines at the general level of policy approaches and modes of procedure. It seeks to put Vietnam in perspective and therefore begins with our Japan problems - Okinawa, the security treaty, trade and cooperation for Asian development. Appraising China's inner disorder, it concludes with the masterful understatement that "simultaneously restraining China and incorporating China peacefully into the international community will not be easy"; yet who can say more? Finally, Vietnam is put in a Southeast Asian context.

The thrust of the statement is to counter isolationism. It inveighs against *mea culpa* emotionalism, oversimplification and extremism of all sorts, either "total war" or "total noninvolvement." It assumes a continuing American presence in East and Southeast Asia in some form. It accepts the fact of the Vietnam war but urges deescalation, though it does so in poli-sci lingo: "If incremental policies are to be effective and acceptable to our people . . . a capacity to go down as well as up by carefully considered and measured steps must also be demonstrated. At this juncture, such a demonstration is needed in connection with

Vietnam. Nothing would do more to strengthen American support for our basic position than to show a capacity for innovation of a deescalatory nature, indicating that there is no inevitable progression upwards in the scope of the conflict. . . . At stake . . . is a principle essential to the survival of the policies of limitation." In words, this means: try deescalating. The statement also attacks our cultural propensity toward "full speed, absolute efficiency and total commitment. . . . It has been almost un-American to make a partial commitment. Yet our success—possibly our survival—may well depend upon our capacity to live calmly with problems that cannot be solved quickly." I read this as a basic criticism of our inherited public psychology. The statement tries both to commit the Administration to greater flexibility and to explain why we cannot pull out of the present limited war.

The signers called their statement "moderate" but reporters played it as pro-Administration and "pro-war," as if to prove the signers' point, that neither limited nor long-term thoughts—only the total and the immediate—can be news in America. Other East Asia specialists, including a number of leading historians and social scientists, have echoed *The New York Times* editorial criticism (December 27) that the Freedom House statement takes "the easy route, much traveled by the Administration, of strongly attacking the tiny American minorities who favor massive escalation or unilateral withdrawal," while failing to "prescribe a realistic goal and how it can be obtained in the kind of war they advocate, a limited war for a limited objective."

I have subscribed to the Tuxedo statement, give or take a few sentences. I would also subscribe to some of the criticisms of it. My point is that we are dealing with a many-leveled thing, and this statement offers wisdom on the political scientists' level. I think the dissatisfaction with it comes less from what it says than from what it does not say. (After all, the signers are only political scientists. It takes historians to handle the great platitudes.)

The Tuxedo statement has provoked rejoinders not because its signers are more beastly or even more interventionist than other East Asia types—all area specialists are by profession rather anti-isolationist—but because the statement in its brief coverage of a vast complex does not give much attention to certain non-material aspects of the American involvement, specifically, to the anguish felt by so many of us and to the psychological-cultural mistakes committed in the course of our national effort. These at-first-glance intangible factors are particularly striking to area specialists, who are by training sensitized to them. They also count as factors in the situation more heavily than

most matter-of-fact Americans may realize. Perhaps three points can serve to indicate this category of considerations.

First, on the level of feelings and values, the Tuxedo statement fails to express the deep and widespread sense of *moral outrage* that America should be inflicting so much suffering for ends so inadequately formulated. Vietnam shatters our self-image of America the great and good; it assaults our self-esteem as world leaders. These self-doubts that afflict most Americans in some degree are probably more severe for many who are actively conducting the war, in Washington or in the field, than for many dissenters who express them in public. Is so much destruction necessary or justifiable? It calls our ultimate values into question. We cannot brush aside this moral revulsion. It is a factor in our war effort and policy debate.

Second, Vietnam is on our farthest *cultural frontier*, abutting the peasant-and-mandarin society of the Chinese culture area, the most ancient village mass still unassimilated into the industrial-trading world. Modernization in this area starts from a different base and follows a different style. Using American common sense to deal with this alien culture has trapped us into successive *miscalculations*. For example, first of all, having been ourselves independent throughout our national life, we knew nationalism must be on the cards sometime for the Vietnamese but could not appreciate its vitality; in the late 1940's and early 1950's we believed the threat of monolithic "international communism" as a system could override Vietnamese nationalism as a sentiment, and so we backed the French, only to see Ho Chi Minh confirmed as the national leader. Again, in 1965, facing Saigon's collapse and having never been bombed ourselves, we inaugurated our bombing of North Vietnam as part of a brand-new computerized technology of deterrence, only to find that it struck the residents of Chungking, Tokyo, Moscow, Berlin and London as a return of old horrors.

If bombing had done the job as quickly as we hoped, the world might eventually have forgotten it. But warfare in the Chinese culture area has always stressed psychology: moral prestige or "face" is an essential ingredient of power, life is expendable but face is not. This is because a ruler holds power personally and stands or falls by his conduct, without reliance on legalism. Consequently, our surgical bombing program, to "make aggression not pay" on a rational profit-and-loss accounting basis (some applied the pleasure-pain equation), was at once converted by Hanoi into a personal contest of wills. Like the Chinese who won "victory" in Korea by stalemating the world's greatest power, Hanoi has gained tremendous prestige from being the underdog victim of our efforts.

When we hopefully estimate that Hanoi is "hurting," we only betray how our culture-bound minds run on a different track. Our policy-makers have not undergone prolonged physical and mental torture in an enemy-controlled environment, or even thought reform in its extreme brainwashing style. Americans are still quoted as exclaiming, "We bomb them so heavily, how can they stand it?" We lack experience. The capacity of bombing to break the will of an enemy was moot in World War II and remains moot in Vietnam. Control of the air is far from control of the enemy environment. Experienced revolutionaries accustomed to the idea of facing torture to the point of extinction may thrive on a diet of bombing; it solves morale problems.

Third, we still enjoy *historical misconceptions* – for example, that America nobly abjured both imperialism and colonialism. Coming new to top power status, we overlook the fact that our century of good works in China was made possible by the British Navy, or that Western warships have kept open the trade routes of Southeast Asia for most of the last 400 years. As inheritors of Europe, we cannot disown the long record of imperialism (economic, military, religious, political and cultural expansion) that lies behind America's accelerating expansion today. Like the expanding Europeans, we find frontier wars the least comprehensible and most subject to miscalculation. False pride forbids that we formulate our goals in the sordid terms of power politics. We dislike to see ourselves for what we are, a great power that happens to be the latest in a succession of great powers that have played a role in Asian life for centuries past. We can perhaps improve upon this role but we cannot escape playing it in some fashion.

Only dimly perceiving the long historical trends that brought us into Southeast Asia, we squeeze what justification we can out of stale formulas that only half apply there. Thus we say we are "supporting self-determination" when a majority of all Vietnamese, North and South as of today, seem less disenchanted with Ho Chi Minh than with the French-trained Saigon generals; or we are "repelling aggression," when a good part of the enemy are still southerners and the North-South conflict still qualifies as a civil war; or we are "containing China," when the chief Chinese forces in Vietnam are railroad troops who try to keep the line open from Kwangsi through to Yunnan. It would make more sense to say simply that we tried to save our power position, we were sucked in (or trapped ourselves), we have made gains only at considerable cost, it would be worse to go back than to go on, but we had best settle soon for what we can get.

Moral revulsion, cultural-strategic miscalculations, historical misconceptions – these do not add up to

withdrawal. Such considerations may counsel not bombing but negotiating, settling for a compromise, accepting a stalemate because nothing else is feasible. But they in no way deny the facts of power politics, the confrontation in Vietnam of power blocs, the commitment of concrete American power there, the necessity of gradual not sudden, "incremental" not "total," readjustments of our posture. Given the mass of East Asia and of the regimes hostile to us there, we cannot escape confronting them in some kind of truce on some frontier, on a line where a stable balance can be maintained at feasible cost. Withdrawal from Vietnam would require us still to find a frontier elsewhere. The alternative to fighting where we are today is to be prepared to fight elsewhere, if not today, then tomorrow. The lesson of Vietnam is not to go isolationist, which seems to me practically impossible in any case. The lesson is to study how to maintain a constructive American presence in Southeast Asia and how to avoid eventual warfare with China while doing it.

All Vietnam is the size of one Chinese province. Now we can see it was wise not to intervene in China to try to save Chiang Kai-shek in the late 1940's. In Vietnam and China, unlike Korea, the communist parties through 30 years' struggle became the chief protagonists of nationalism. Korea's communists were kept suppressed by the Japanese; they did not win power by "liberating" their country either North or South. The analogue of Vietnam is not the experience we had in Korea but the experience we might have had, and still may have, in China. Mao expects us to attack China sooner or later. We certainly don't intend to. But we never "intended" to get ourselves over a barrel this way in Vietnam, bleeding our economy. Wars are produced by interaction, especially by fears. Perhaps they can be checked only by still greater fears, such as now stabilize the Soviet-American relationship. If so, let us derive from Vietnam, this small province-sized country, a big fear of war with China adequate to keep us at a careful distance.

Like so many prescriptions, this suggestion seems specific – stop bombing the North, negotiate at almost any cost, settle for less than victory – yet it is necessarily academic and in general terms, actually just an attitude favoring flexibility, hardly a new policy; moreover it is based on a conviction that we must maintain an American presence in Southeast Asia as we do in other key areas, necessarily an armed presence, ready to fight if need be somewhere sometime. Some may say this flexible attitude and this firm conviction will not go together in practice. But the Tuxedo signers, as I read their statement, believe they will and favor making the attempt. The Administration has the reputation of talking flexibly about negotiation while escalating rigidly. Isn't it time to disprove this stereotype?

DOCUMENTARY

Stripped Bare at the Follies

Four years ago a man named Robert Rohner was riding his bicycle late at night when he was spotted by a policeman and stopped. He was in Stoughton, Massachusetts, and on his way to Boston, about twenty miles off. Mr. Rohner didn't feel he should be questioned or thought bizarre because he had selected an unusual time to travel. He protested vigorously, but was ar-

The Titicut Follies
Produced and Directed
by Frederick Wiseman
(Grove Press, Distributor)

rested and charged with "vagrancy" — whereupon he became "belligerent in violent protest at his arrest." The next day he was brought into Stoughton District Court, still angry and still demanding to be released. The police had him in a straightjacket and the judge ordered him sent to Bridgewater State Hospital for the Criminally Insane for 35 days of observation. Those days turned into years. A psychiatrist recommended "permanent commitment" and Mr. Rohner, a poor man, had no lawyer to fight for him. This year the Supreme Court of Massachusetts ruled that Robert Rohner, and all those who fall into the predicament he did, have a right to legal counsel, and to more than a hearing that is in fact an arbitrary administrative decision by those who run a state hospital.

Robert Rohner's fate at Bridgewater State Hospital was actually far better than Dominic Rosati's. While Mr. Rohner found himself virtually imprisoned for life because he didn't take lightly to gratuitous arrest, Mr. Rosati's stay at Bridgewater was suddenly terminated: not too long ago he was found naked and dead in his cell, a victim of rat poison.

The hospital was investigated by a legislative committee. Both the Massachusetts Bar Association and the Massachusetts Medical Society became concerned. Newspapers all over the state demanded action, changes, re-

form — as did the hospital's superintendent, Charles Gaughan, a very intelligent and compassionate man who year after year has been pleading for more money, more personnel, better programs, so that his patients would in fact be treated like something more than caged animals living in an 88-year-old institution whose facilities and arrangements prompted one observer to summon the image of a "race horse stable" (where he felt the living conditions were more favorable); another, the brave superintendent himself, talked of a "hencoop." In essence the hospital was charged with allowing dangerous criminals to escape, with providing little or no psychiatric care to its patients, and with keeping its inmates improperly or unfairly — that is, offering them no chance of release, no ability to have their psychiatric and legal status clarified, and no right to a periodic review of their case, done in public, before a judge or other impartial authority with a defending lawyer's presence.

Against such a background a young lawyer, Frederick Wiseman, began to plan doing a documentary of the Bridgewater hospital. He lives in Cambridge, and I suppose it can be said that he has had his "problems." He is not a member of a law firm. He does not spend his days studying the tax laws or helping (with dozens of other lawyers) this or that business solve the various intricacies of its "corporate life." He has not used law as a means of political advancement. After he graduated from law school he became interested in the fate of criminals and the poor: what do *they* do when they get into trouble? Who looks after them — that is, which one of our distinguished law firms, so competitively pursued by aspiring members of the bar? Mr. Wiseman started teaching law students, and in 1958 took them to Bridgewater State Hospital, so that he and they together would see at first-hand what American doctors and

lawyers do for some of their fellow citizens.

Apparently that visit, and some others to similar places, "traumatized" Mr. Wiseman. He began to lose interest in "the law" as such. He started wondering about the reasons people end up in places like Bridgewater, never to leave. He started looking at some of our ghettos, too; they are full of desperate, wild, anarchic youths who don't consider the police their defenders, or lawyers and judges men of integrity and righteousness. He made the connection that others have: Bridgewater and sections of Harlem aren't all that different. Ghettos have walls as high as any the state of Massachusetts can build to confine its "criminally insane."

Perhaps the time had come for such a man to seek out psychiatric "care." Why was he forsaking a promising career on State Street or Wall Street? What made him "identify" or become "involved" with Negroes or severely disturbed people? How come he was beginning to commit his energies, his life-work to "them"? Did something in his *past* make him want to sacrifice, do the unconventional, work for the "deprived"? Yes, we all have our sympathies, but wasn't he going *too far*, becoming *unusually* and *unrealistically* worried — over the fate of people who are notoriously poor "treatment risks"?

In 1961, apparently still unable to "work things out" and become a "normal self-respecting" lawyer, Frederick Wiseman decided to produce a film. He had read Warren Miller's *The Cool World* and couldn't get out of his mind the particular hellish view of Harlem that the book's text inspired. On an impulse — yes, unexamined — he went to see Mr. Miller, and secured from him the rights to make a movie out of his book. In 1964 it was finished: *The Cool World*, produced by Frederick Wiseman and directed by Shirley Clarke. The reviews were excellent, both here and abroad, but the film lost money, much of it the producer's own savings.

Now he was *really* in trouble. His interests had led him into a new career. Working alongside Shirley Clarke he had learned how to make as well as produce a film; but he was nearly

(Continued on page 28)

Books and the Arts

A Little Girl Migrates

by Clarence Brown

Vladimir Nabokov, author of the Russian translation of *Alice in Wonderland*, has now provided his native literature with another little girl, his own *Lolita*. This latter accomplishment is not only a victory of art but also a potential victory for criticism, for whenever we are faced with a thing that cannot be measured by the tools we have, we must invent others. Beck-

Lolita

by Vladimir Nabokov

translated into Russian by the author
(Phaedra; \$5.95)

ett's and Nabokov's rewriting of their own works in their other languages is a very special form of literary work, closely resembling but not identical with translation. The difference between these feats and ordinary translation—and let me not suggest that our present tools are up to "ordinary translation"—can only be surmised, but one suspects that it is like the little abyss between zero and one. The Japanese and Arabic *Lolitas* (which exist) are merely other books variously dependent upon the original, but Nabokov's own Russian *Lolita* (first drafted as a brief Russian sketch in wartime Paris) is in truth the same book, which we see now in one of its manifold dormant aspects, hitherto withheld by the author. One may salute the valor of some literate Arab, hunched in the humid night of Cairo over that impossible Nabokovian pun, but one will not permit him to get away with some invention of his own. Either the same or silence . . . nothing else! From Nabokov, however, we get the same or something else, and that "something else" becomes, *jure auctoris*, an additional fact in the biography of the book *Lolita*. There are times, of course—"as the Bard said, with that cold in his head, to

borrow and to borrow and to borrow"—when even Nabokov, after what exertions one can only imagine, has to admit defeat (in the present instance he refers less hilariously to Pushkin, who is functionally the same as Shakespeare.)

I should immediately add that insofar as the conventional aspects of translation are concerned, one can only repeat what should by now be common knowledge, that Nabokov is incomparably resourceful in both languages. Offhand *tour de force* is the rule. Humbert tries, with famously flawed result, to drug *Lolita* in preparation for the night at The Enchanted Hunters. The "pill-spiel" Nabokov wrote in English. He Russians it with inspired imprecision as "piljul'ka-ljul'ka," which might be brought back into English with the same freedom as "lullaby-lozenge." "The rapist was Charlie Holmes; I am the therapist," puns the incorrigible Humbert. For the benefit, I realize, of very few readers of this journal, I transliterate the translation: "*Rastleniem zanimalsja Charli Khol'ms; ja zhe zanimajus' rasteniem.*" The italic words, with their uniliteral difference, mean, respectively, "corruption" and "growth." To convey their phonic natures, of course, one must have recourse to "deflowering-flowering," "prostitution-restitution," and so on. If you will take my word for it that Nabokov is routinely brilliant at this sort of thing, I will spare you an inventory of examples that ought to become touchstones of translation for years to come.

Fans of the English book will no doubt be more interested to know what has become of the characters in their new incarnation. *Lolita* herself, if I correctly calculate the old-fashioned unit of linear measurement that Nabokov employs, is one-and-one-half inches shorter in Russian, but I am

sufficiently apprehensive of Nabokov's painstaking ingenuity to fear that he may have looked up the tables on physical stature of American and Russian twelve-year-olds and concluded that she could be shorter by that much. Humbert Humbert and Charlotte Haze, by a long-standing tradition of transposition, are Gumbert Gumbert and Sharlotta Gejz, though one can virtually see Nabokov culling all the dark roots of Russian umbrage before deciding to leave them in possession of their names. What will John Shade become when Nabokov gets around to masterpiece number two? Quilty is still "Ku'il'ti," but his author has had to find other means than "Q," "Cue," and so on, to suggest the slinking presence of this double just beyond the margin of so many pages. Vivian Darkbloom, Quilty's mistress, an actress and authoress of the memoir *My Cue* (*Kumir moj* in Russian, which means either *My Idol* or *Q is My World*), was once, back in the thirties, Vivian Calmblood, another anagram of "Vladimir Nabokov" and his pseudonym in some appearances. (According to one of the several additions to the Russian epilogue, it appears that Nabokov once thought of publishing *Lolita* under that *nom de plume*.) In the Russian *Lolita* she has become Vivian Damor-Blok and acquired a little more biography that will be precious to all Nabokovians (Damor is her stage name, Blok that of one of her first husbands). It was she, by the way, as the Russian version makes rather clearer than the English, who turned the camera before which the nude boys and girls cavorted in Quilty's blue movie operation.

Between the English and Russian versions there is one immense, pervasive difference towards which one can no more than gesture. It derives not from these two sides of the one book but from the gulf of literary tradition that separates them. With my own unfinished, never-to-be-finished approximation of the language lobe in a Russian brain I read Humbert's casual

hymning of illicit love (*bezzakonnaja ljubov'*!) with a shock never occasioned by his English. The potentialities of the linguistic environment are simply different, for, like the letter "Q," there are certain attitudes and emotions unknown to Russian literature. It is not that the theme is new in a Russian environment. As with so many of Nabokov's themes, Dostoevsky, despised "Old Dusty" himself, was there first with an obsessive iteration of sexual union between a grown man and a girl child. It is the treatment—the mad joviality of Humbert's jocund art instead of squalid nastiness—and above all the language itself that are different.

There is a slighter shock of a different kind in the new postscript to the Russian translation. In one curtain speech after another Nabokov has regretted that circumstances force him to come before the public in English

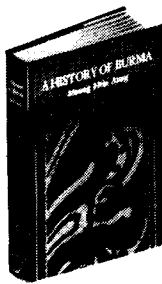
garb, ill-fitting and unbecoming. If we could but see those gorgeous Russian clothes in the attic! In the epilogue to the English *Lolita* it goes thus: ". . . that I had to abandon my natural idiom, my untrammelled, rich, and infinitely docile Russian tongue for a second-rate brand of English." . . . Conscientiously, Nabokov translates this word for word, knowing that he will then have to face the question whether the performance just concluded has in fact shown his Russian to be all that untrammelled and docile. In the postscript for Russian readers he concludes sadly and honestly that it has not. His Russian has been in those trunks for too long, and they have proved to be imperfectly proof against moths.

I am moved by the crusty old Olympian conjurer when he seems for a moment to drop his defenses and admit to his Russian audience that the

luminous and supple style, the occasion of so much homesickness, has lost some resilience in its long disuse. It is moving and, if I am any judge, it is only very slightly justified. But with this writer it is best to be most on one's guard when he seems to be least on his. For when you think of it, how could he better translate (in one sense) those apologies for his English (Nabokov's English!) than by apologizing for his Russian. The difference is in the degree of appropriateness. Since Nabokov is the living master of English prose, and knows that he is, his enactment of an apology is just that, a part of his supremely skillful act. For a writer who makes no distinction between life and art, who has said that "reality" is the one word that must always be used in quotes, there is nothing outside of the act.

Although Nabokov is at pains to *explain* to the Russian readers things which he rightly despairs of their tumbling to for themselves (allusions to T. S. Eliot, Poe, and other writers; for "somewhere near the Madeleine" he writes "in the center of Paris," and so on) it must be said, in sum, that no amount of explaining will make *Lolita* available to more than a tiny handful of present Russian readers. And it should be remembered that on the whole Nabokov has been treated about as obtusely in the émigré press as in the Soviet.

What makes this latest enterprise so much more than a literary curiosity is Nabokov's sure knowledge that he is writing (as perhaps also in English) for the same hypothetical reader that kept his countrymen Baratynsky and Mandelstam going: for the "friend in posterity," as they both explicitly put it. But to write for the future implies a faith that there will be a future and that the "ever-never-changing same" canons of art are supremely above the trivial contingencies of mere time. It is a moral act. The English *Lolita*, Nabokov's greatest book, links the moralities of precise art with that profounder morality enjoined by one of the most magnanimous human spirits of our time. The Russian version now adds to the history of his masterpiece a dimension that can only be called—if the word is still available—patriotism.



The story of
Asia's "gateway"

A HISTORY OF BURMA Maung Htin Aung

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Another Warning to Whitey

by Larry L. King

Long before the ghetto riots in Los Angeles, Detroit, or Newark, I briefly edited a harmless, carefully bipartisan little magazine limited in readership to Members of Congress and their staff hirelings. Normally we confined our coverage to the more pretentious Capitol Hill whiskey drinks, or we published bloodless articles revealing what Senator Wingwoah most enjoyed for

*Prelude to Riot:
A View of Urban America
from the Bottom*
by Paul Jacobs
(Random House; \$5.95)

breakfast. In one issue, however, after Congress refused to vote a paltry sum to sustain a playground in one of the more cheerless stretches of Washington's black ghetto, we challenged legislators to a personal tour of the city's jammed and archaic orphanages, hospitals, jails, and other public institutions properly their responsibility. We offered free transportation and—since we were dealing with men who probably hope to go to Page One rather than Heaven when they die—friendly publicity. Not one legislator responded. *Nothing* happened—except that some few Hill bureaucrats decreed that we had forfeited any right to distribute our journal in the Senate Office Building, and one congressman growled over his post-work highball that "We're too busy answering mail from our home precincts to take any bleeding-heart tours."

I was, truthfully, prepared for this reception. Having once worked in Congress I knew that many members even of the District of Columbia Committee had never once visited a single school, court, playground, or slum street they were charged with governing. The House was equally insensitive last year when—amidst cheap jokes about ending this business "rat now"—it voted against appropriations to eradicate slum rodents, and then sharply slashed overall anti-poverty funds.

The brutal, unknowing indifference of the affluent white majority toward

the nation's minority poor is the subject of Paul Jacobs' angry and perceptive *Prelude to Riot*. His post-riot study of Los Angeles' incendiary Watts district indicts, among others, Mayor Sam Yorty, L.A. police, many city and state agencies, the Federal Housing Authority, private money-lenders, gouging ghetto merchants, Congress, the McCone Commission (appointed by former Governor Pat Brown to investigate the Watts riots) and—most of all—white, mindless, middle-class America.

Since Mr. Jacobs is a self-described "full-time radical" who has been jailed as a street demonstrator, certain well-fed and righteous sources may dismiss him as just another "bleeding-heart" (as he was sneeringly called to his face by a Los Angeles police official) or even as a communist sympathizer (as insinuated by one angry California school authority). Anyone not drained of all human juices, however, cannot lightly dismiss this disturbing book.

Though the author is not above a little pedagogic sermonizing and sometimes exhibits a nervous tendency to overcompensate for his less-thoughtful white brothers ("Because he was a Negro, I wanted him to see me as his friend, and so I was willing to submit to behavior from him that I wouldn't have accepted from a white man," Jacobs writes of a young black man who, without visible provocation, had spit in his face), he has effectively portrayed, through personal experiences and oceans of statistics, those conditions of physical decay and spiritual rot inflammatory to the ghetto temper. There is a kind of quiet, cumulative horror in this book and by the time one has reached Jacobs' concluding chapter one is ready to agree that "America is polarizing at a fantastic rate of speed" in its social and radical outlooks and that "the next riot may be started by whites, burning down the Negro sections of the cities."

Jacobs invaded the L.A. slums to try, within the limitations of his white skin and visitor's role, to develop some sense of the endless daily grind facing

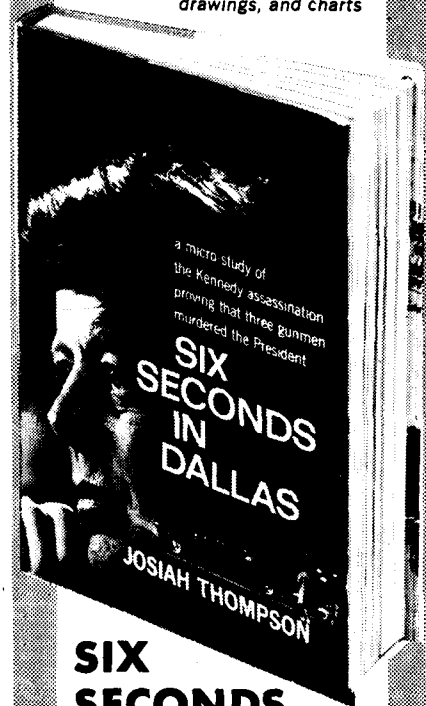
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the chronically impoverished Negro or Mexican-American. He was the first white visitor (aside from bill collectors, policemen, or welfare snoopers) to many ghetto homes. Had not Negro friends intervened for him, he writes, he would have been turned away—"because in Los Angeles, like everywhere else in America, we are strangers in each others' houses."

Jacobs sat "for hours" in welfare, employment, and hospital waiting rooms among tired women, defeated men, squirming and crying children; the personal questions and glacial attitudes of officialdom's crown princes caused him repeated humiliation even though "I was just pretending to need help." Unaware that Paul Jacobs had earlier subjected himself to their various "processings," bureau chiefs invariably bragged about the businesslike efficiency of their fiefdoms—unmindful, apparently, that their office hours presume no weekend emergencies, that they work at cross purposes (when Public Assistance raises doles, Public Housing raises rents), that their employees give,

willy-nilly, 8 a.m. appointments to all who telephone for a specific one, and that waiting mothers have no facilities to feed or otherwise comfort their children without losing their place in line.

Rare was the public official who had spent any appreciable time in the black backstreets: they knew nothing of ghetto people, their customs, problems, anger or pride, their squalid little lives. McCone Commission members made brief sorties to Watts in limousines driven by white chauffeurs; state employees sent in to formulate vocational education programs "were so uncomfortable in the Negro section that they came to the area only reluctantly in the morning, went outside it for their lunches, and left as soon as the sessions were over"; police, patrolling Watts in squad cars while taking care to display their shotguns, might summon a black youth by calling out, "Hey, nigger baby, come over here."

This book makes depressingly clear the total alienation existing between John Kenneth Galbraith's "Affluent Society" and that darker, bankrupt

"Other America" called to the national attention by Michael Harrington. The two Americas simply do not know each other. They do not eat the same cuts of meat, talk the same language, hear the same drummer. Thus policemen routinely quiz two well-dressed Negro women in a Beverly Hills shopping district about their mere presence ("They kept asking us why we'd come so far from Watts, where we lived, just to shop. . . . They acted as if we were prostitutes") or telephone a college professor to determine whether four Negro youths observed driving "in the wrong part of town" really had an appointment with him. Thus a white employee at a job-placement service is stunned when "ungrateful" Negro mothers complain because their sons are being placed as floor-sweepers or laundry flunkies. ("My uncle or my brother or my husband started at that kind of job thirty years ago and he's still at it. I'm not sending my kids to school to be a janitor.") Thus the well-dressed white banker telling a black audience, "In our country any American who gets an education and works hard can go as high as he pleases and live where he pleases"—even though, it turns out, the speaker's own bank had refused loans to Negroes attempting to buy homes in an all-white section. Thus the McCone Commission investigator (a former prosecuting attorney) who can say that he would not employ anyone with an arrest record and thus John McCone himself, the ex-CIA chief, can say without blushing that he saw the Watts riots a bit more clearly after it had been explained to him by his maid! ("And he didn't understand that this maid is dependent upon him for a livelihood; in all probability she likes him because he's probably a good employer, and how could he think she's going to stand up and tell him anything that would in any way disturb him?")

The statistical facts Paul Jacobs offers will weight one's soul (infant mortality 40 percent higher in the ghetto . . . 62 percent of pre-school children in the Head Start program suffer from malnutrition . . . the ghetto's death rate is 22 percent higher, overall, than elsewhere . . . reading vocabulary

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and comprehension level of an average fifth-grade Watts child is only 20 percent of the national average) even though they seem, to one who has read much of the ghettos and has been in them, tiredly familiar. How much of ghetto life is really real, however, to "Whitey"? Not much, apparently, for after all the books and all the burnings (70-odd American cities have known some racial bloodshed and pilage), all the TV "specials" and the study commissions and the warnings from sociologists, ministers, and ghetto prisoners, we find mayors and governors and police chiefs sternly warning "trouble-makers" of gas, police dogs and shooting to kill; Congress passes laws to eliminate riots, not rats;

President Johnson himself—in Richard Goodwin's words—offers "another study commission and a day of prayer!" And approximately two-thirds of White America tells national pollsters that the Negro citizen receives, as a practical matter, equal justice.

There are blueprints for rehabilitating the ghettos in the making, Jacobs writes, and some good ideas now available: "But these ideas will not be effective unless the country as a whole develops the will to change. It is that will which is missing now, and yet without it change will not take place and the country will continue toward complete disaster." Paul Jacobs, telling it like it is, has given "Whitey" yet another warning of the fire next time.

THEATRE

The Anti-Hamlet of Joseph Papp

Joseph Papp is currently launching an anarchic assault on one of Shakespeare's best-loved plays, which, if ultimately disappointing as an event, nonetheless has sufficient originality as an experiment to compel attention. I found the whole undertaking to be pretty courageous, and while it has drawn a predictable response from those who prefer their Kulchur pre-

Hamlet

New York Shakespeare Festival
Public Theatre

packaged, standardized, and wholly digestible like a TV dinner, I think it is bound to have an effect on the theatrical consciousness for some time to come. I should add that the evening is something of an ordeal—after its initial promise, this *Hamlet* gets rather boring—but one's quarrel is less with the intention of the enterprise than with its execution, less with the direction of the road than with the rocky nature of the terrain.

What Mr. Papp has done, quite simply, is to annihilate the play as we have come to know it, substituting a corrupt hour-and-half cutting that arbitrarily transposes the order of the

scenes, reassigns speeches from one character to another, reduces the *dramatis personae* drastically, and explodes the familiar pattern of action. His motive is clear: It is to rescue the play from the seminar room, to withdraw it from history, to obliterate the memory of all those beautifully spoken, handsomely costumed productions that now stand like a wall between us and an immediate experience of the action. "Hamlet is like a sponge," Jan Kott has written. "Unless it is produced in a stylized and antiquarian fashion, it immediately absorbs all the problems of our time." Mr. Papp apparently believes that it is not simply stylization or antiquarianism that has imprisoned the energies of this play. After all, we have already had our modern Hamlets, our Hamlets in rehearsal clothes, our Teddy boy Hamlets, our angry young man Hamlets—and in spite of everything, the great soliloquies still come wafting over the footlights for the audience to hum and mouth as they do arias in a Verdi opera.

It is for this reason, I suspect, that Mr. Papp has refused to invest the play with any contemporary political or philosophical meaning, or to wring

MARX AND THE AUTHENTIC MAN

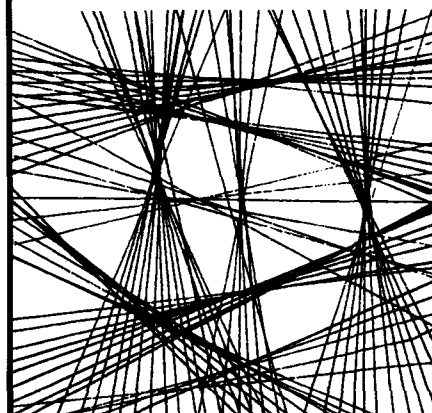
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This book ends with a reflection upon Soviet Russia in the light of Marx's own ideas of authentic humanity.

The author is the founder and chief editor of *Duquesne Studies*. He has written half a dozen philosophical books in addition to translating about two dozen works. He has been teaching philosophy for twenty years.



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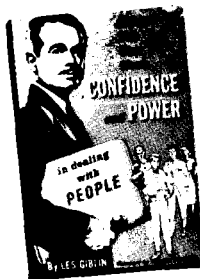
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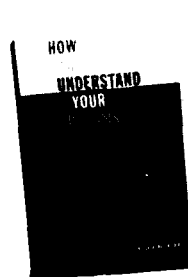
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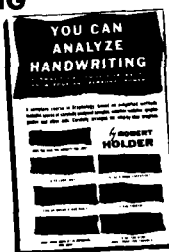
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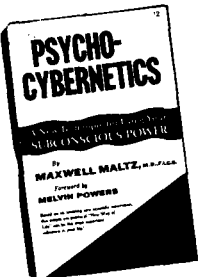
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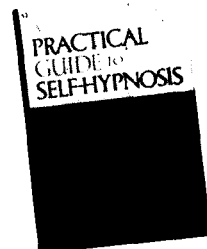
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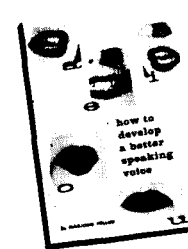
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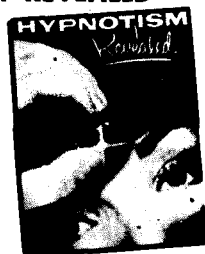


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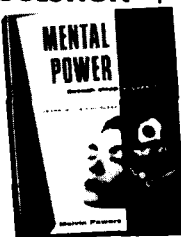
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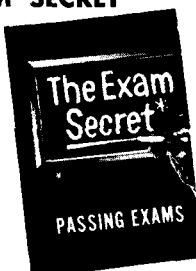
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it dry of what Mr. Kott calls "the problems of our time." What he has done instead is superimpose the modern experience forcibly on top of the play. The costuming tells us where we are (the guards wear GI uniforms, Claudius the beard, cigar, and dress of a South American dictator, Gertrude appears in negligees and Ophelia in miniskirts): the props are recognizably modern; and the incidental music ranges from torch songs to rhythm-and-blues (Ophelia sings her rock dirges into a mike, dressed like a Go-Go girl in a straw hat and tights). But despite an effective evocation of the brutal, menacing quality of the American military presence, Papp's *Hamlet* remains conscientiously against interpretation. It emerges as an anti-Hamlet, antithetical to the very notion of a literary masterpiece; a Happening, where everything is designed for environmental effect rather than for meaning; a Dadaist nightmare, where language becomes an agency, not of communication but rather of ironic contradiction and comic confusion, and where the spectator becomes one of the most important characters in the play.

The technique of this production is to force gratuitous vaudeville routines and bizarre bits of business into an uneasy contrapuntal relationship with the spoken word. Sometimes the stage business functions to literalize a metaphor—Hamlet's contention that "Denmark's a prison" is illustrated by the manacles he wears throughout the opening scenes. More often, the visual effects are a distraction, designed to divert attention from the words—it is Horatio, not Hamlet, for example, who wears the striped garb of a convict. Hamlet is first seen emerging from a coffin which sits at the foot of the bed of Claudius and Gertrude, reading his "Oh, that this too too sullied flesh" speech at breakneck speed, with no inflection whatever. The black rubber fingers of a candy store monster creep from beneath the bedclothes; they belong to the Ghost who appears here and throughout dressed in long droopy underwear (Hamlet wears boxer shorts). Hamlet plays his nunnery scene with Ophelia after having made love to her (Claudius also gets his whacks at her inside the coffin), speak-



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ing the lines while standing in the audience and throwing peanuts at the stage. The play-within-the-play is a production number, sung and danced around a New Year's party table, complete with favors, paper hats, confetti, and balloons, all photographed by Horatio with an 8mm movie camera.

Hamlet and the Ghost collaborate in two hilarious music-hall routines: the first when Hamlet sits in his father's lap like a ventriloquist's dummy and shares with him the lines of "How all occasions do inform against me"; the second, during the Grave-digger's scene, where Hamlet plays a Puerto Rican janitor and the Ghost ("How came he loco, paisano?") plays Hamlet. As for the duel scene, this becomes a game of Russian roulette played by the entire cast—including the audience, since Hamlet, alone among the piled bodies, must bring a

spectator on stage to shoot him. "The rest is silence," he says, as an ear-crushing roar breaks over the loudspeakers and confetti falls from the ceiling.

The problem with all this is ultimate lack of coherence. The actors have been responsible for too much, the director for too little, with the result that the evening seems splintered into interesting but uncoordinated fragments. Mere irreverence is not enough to sustain a play even a third the length of Shakespeare's text, and even absurdity must be organized towards some definable point. Part of the trouble lies with the cast, which is not really capable of sustaining and executing the horseplay. Martin Sheen, playing a Hamlet high on Methadrine—hopped up, always on the move, continually laughing—effectively captures the manic, frenetic side of Shakespeare's hero, but for all his charm and energy, he is simply under-equipped technically for a role of this length and complexity. Fred Wariner as a vaudeville Ghost and Ralph Waite as a Castro-like Claudius are very amusing, but too many of the others look puzzled and embarrassed at what they are required to do. What this production needs is a cast trained in comic improvisations—like the Open Theatre, the Second City, or the *Beyond the Fringe* troupes—lacking this, it could have used a little more time for its current members to develop the necessary techniques. I did admire David Mitchell's penitentiary setting, however, with its ominous grillwork and circular metal stairway, and the music of Galt MacDermot (who also wrote the score for *Hair*) proves the beneficial effect that one production can have on another in a permanent company's development.

By conventional standards, then, this *Hamlet* is a failure, but in failing it manages to be ten times more interesting than the slick, machine-honed successes of the other New York repertory companies. Mr. Papp's group remains, to my mind, the most audacious permanent organization in town, and the only one dedicated not simply to remounting familiar masterpieces but to trying to discover what theatre can mean to America in the sixties.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Dissenting Uniform

Sirs:

As a draftee stationed at a large state-side post, who felt strongly against the Vietnam War long before entering the Army, I read with interest your article on dissenters within the service. My own feelings have resulted in only one major—and quiet—confrontation with the military establishment which, strange as it seems, worked to my advantage regarding the possibility of overseas transfer. Outside of this, I have generally kept my feelings to myself and will continue to do so, not out of fear, but in realization of the tremendous futility of any attempt to "agitate among the troops."

My experiences in the service have taught me quite a few things. First of all, the Army does not fit the extreme left's stereotype of a clique of fascist officers brutally ordering innocent enlisted men to their doom in Vietnam. On the contrary, the enlisted men are the bulwarks of the system. Like most Americans, they are either too ignorant to question it, or simply conform and rationalize away any doubts they may have. . . . Their final bastion is the ubiquitous enlisted men's club and its cheap beer. The article mentions a riot among soldiers of an infantry brigade on its way to Vietnam, the leftists blaming it on its impending fate, the military attributing it to lack of beer. In this case I side with the military. To the average soldier, the latter is much greater cause for a riot than the former.

The Army, like any other huge corporation, is very conscious of public relations, and would rather cover up a Levy case. My situation, though not the same, is an example, and I know of others like it. The fact that the Army, as the article stated, wants to discharge one of the dissenters mentioned is yet another example. Of course, if a certain individual poses a direct threat to military discipline (as Levy did in some ways), the establishment will descend upon him in all its wrath. But short of this, there is a certain amount of leeway in the Army

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for matters of conscience. The Army has many quiet ways of weeding out its "malcontents."

I would therefore advise all potential agitators and martyrs not to waste their efforts in the Army. The victims do not want to be saved and the oppressors will not crucify you. . . .

If I sound unduly cynical and bitter, it is because I am. I will be a civilian again in a relatively short time and I intend to steer clear of political activism then, too. If the Army is a cross-section of society then this society is gravely ill, and incurably so because it doesn't even know it is.

For reasons which should be obvious, I cannot sign my name. Please be assured that my own circumstances as I have described them are true.

Policing Demonstrations

Sirs:

The New Republic does a serious injustice to the New York City Police Department when it likens the police at anti-war demonstrations in Manhattan to "longshoremen" who "rushed in with billy clubs to knock more heads" ("Strong Arm Squad," January 6).

As a matter of fact, the leaders themselves of the demonstrations congratulated various police officials such as Chief Inspector Sanford Garelik and Deputy Inspector Joseph Fink for the generally competent and professional job in keeping the protesters moving and in avoiding incidents.

The isolated alleged incident regarding unfair police practices in relation to the beating of demonstrators by longshoremen does not warrant the emphasis you gave it, and in any event it throws the police conduct at the demonstrations out of proper perspective.

George Haber
Executive Director
Committee for
Constitutional Law Enforcement

More Cold Blood

Sirs:

After just seeing *In Cold Blood*, and having read the book, I must take exception to Stanley Kauffmann's re-

view of the film (January 6). In his penetrating depiction of a motiveless and amoral crime, Richard Brooks transcends Capote by attempting to show that killers, especially Perry, were indeed mentally ill.

Although the relationship between Perry's father and the murder - culminating in Perry's hallucination just before he kills - was largely inferred by Brooks, it strikes one as a plausible explanation for an act that no sane person could commit.

As for Hickock, he came across as flippant, uncaring, and detached until he confessed, whereupon he broke down. His development, and particularly his behavior at the hanging, convince one that he too was undoubtedly deeply disturbed.

The inappropriateness of a few cinematic gimmicks, with which Mr. Kauffmann gets so caught up, was more than overshadowed by the powerful acting, directing, and writing in this important social document of our times.

David Nemiroff
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Helping the Children

Sirs:

. . . Professor Vadakin is mistaken in stating that Canadian Family Allowances are taxable income ("Helping the Children," December 23). Possibly he has confused Family Allowances with the Old Age Security Pension which is taxable, and under the latter program a substantial recovery is made from those least requiring such assistance.

Certainly 90 percent of Canadians answer positively to the Gallup question, "Are Family Allowances a good thing?"; but this hardly constitutes a blanket endorsement of the program. Subsidiary questions such as, "Should families with higher incomes receive the allowance," would likely evoke quite different responses. The non-taxable status of these allowances results in considerable "leakage." . . . If coupled with an increased exemption for dependent children to nullify the effect on taxpayers in the lower income brackets, possibly the "leakage" could be curtailed somewhat. Further, it remains at best a doubtful proposition that the present type of program is

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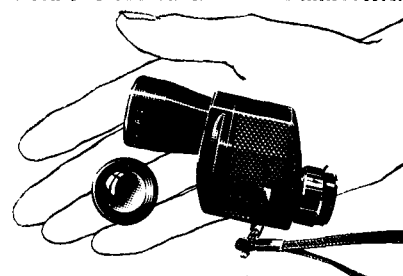
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M. Foster
Vancouver, Canada

Incendiary Writing

Sirs:

For Le Roi Jones to be sentenced to prison because two loaded revolvers and a box of ammunition were found in his automobile during last summer's Newark riots is a debatable judgment. But there is surely nothing debatable about his being given an even severer sentence because—according to *The New York Times* report of January 5—the judge found a poem of Jones to be offensive. This is clearly an abridgment of freedom of speech and a threat to every American writer and reader. "Incendiary" writing has always been a part of the literature of the human race; I suggest that some publisher immediately begin a new anthology of such writings with Jones' poem. The verdict in this case must be protested, and it must be set aside immediately, not for Jones' sake alone, but for the dangerous precedent it can set for the future.

Eve Merriam
New York, N.Y.

Coles, from page 18

broke, and he had no idea what to do next. How long can an "adult" give himself reign to live in a "dream-world," build "fantasies," ignore a professional life, throw away money on "losing propositions," on celluloid? Moreover, the Bridgewater he had seen in 1958 came back to haunt him—surely evidence that some kind of "conflict" was under way in his unconscious. He decided to try making a documentary of the place—one that would convey to the viewer what it is like to be sent there, to live there, to die there.

He had to find backers, no easy job in the precarious world of "educational" or essentially "noncommercial" films. Even more difficult, he had to gain access to Bridgewater, to a state hospital under the ultimate jurisdiction of politically sensitive and politically vulnerable men. But Bridgewater's superintendent was desperately anx-

ious for change, for the kind of exposure necessary to enlighten people and move them to action. He himself was going all over the state, pleading with and exhorting audiences, telling them how awful conditions were in his hospital, asking them for help. In 1965, Mr. Wiseman moved ahead in earnest, and secured his shoe-string budget for the film. In the spring of 1966 he started shooting at Bridgewater. Certainly he had proven what determination, what a high degree of "motivation" can do—because somehow he had obtained permission to go ahead and do the job. It is probably fair to say that the hospital's superintendent encouraged his project, and so did the state's attorney-general and former lieutenant governor Elliot Richardson, who is a distinctly superior public official, especially as they come in Massachusetts. Both men now have cause to regret whatever help they gave Mr. Wiseman, whatever interference they ran for him against the bureaucrats of a state fairly well-known for its colorfully vicious politics. Why? What happened to set Mr. Richardson and Mr. Gaughan against Mr. Wiseman?

The film was finished last year and this year it has attracted wide and enthusiastic critical acclaim. One audience after another felt itself shocked, horrified and disturbed; but, by court order, *The Titicut Follies* cannot be seen in Massachusetts, even though it was shown this September at New York's Lincoln Center film festival, and won first prize in West Germany's Mannheim film festival. A look at the film itself is perhaps the best way to find out why it would inevitably stir up a political controversy. The Indians used to call the area around Bridgewater Titicut, and so last year when the guards and inmates of the hospital put on a public benefit show, they called it "Titicut Follies." Mr. Wiseman's 16 millimeter black and white film, 84 minutes long, opens with a scene from that show: eight men in straw hats are on stage singing "Strike

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Clarence Brown is professor of Slavic Languages and Literature at Princeton University. Larry L. King is the author of a novel, *The One-eyed Man*.

Up the Band." Behind them one reads the tinselled sign: Titicut Follies. From a long shot we go to close-ups, first of the performers' faces, sad despite the singing, and then of others, the people "backstage" who spend their days and nights in the hospital, as inmates, prisoners, guards, doctors, nurses, whatever. At the very end Bridgewater's temporary entertainers appear once again — so that if we wish, if we can, everything that went on "in-between" can be forgotten, for that is the privilege of free men. Ironically the film is so effective because it is not another *Snake Pit*, another brutal and unrelenting exposé of life behind the closed doors of a mental hospital. Yes, there are some scandalous and disgusting moments, but by and large they are not those that offer us the standard "backward" scene, with its shrieks and groans and hilarious desolation or grim excitement. I have seen much worse in other state hospitals that Massachusetts maintains.

Something else is at work to give this film its power, and to unsettle its critics, many of whom are objecting to the nudity allowed or demanding to know why the faces of inmates are used, in clear violation of the right to privacy. (The legislators who are shocked that patients appear live and undisguised in *Titicut Follies* have yet to raise their voices against a book called *Christmas in Purgatory* by Burton Blatt, in which mental patients are also photographed and not always provided with black bands across their eyes. Mr. Blatt's descriptions of the hospitals located in several states, including Massachusetts, make *Titicut Follies* seem like a whitewash job.) If Frederick Wiseman has offended the sensibilities of his fellow citizens he has done it I believe by making them nervous about far more than nudity (in this day of bikinis and miniskirts) or the individual's right to privacy (in this day of wire-tapping, of cleverly manipulative advertising, of espionage that has been into so many things that any number of people can reasonably doubt whose purposes they have served and with whose money).

After a showing of *Titicut Follies* the mind does not dwell on the hospital's ancient and even laughable physical plant, or its pitiable social atmosphere.

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What sticks, what really hurts is the sight of human life made cheap and betrayed. We see men needlessly stripped bare, insulted, herded about callously, mocked, taunted. We see them ignored or locked interminably in cells. We hear the craziness in the air, the sudden outbursts, the quieter but stronger undertow of irrational noise that any doctor who has worked under such circumstances can only take for so long. But much more significantly, we see the "professionals," the doctors and workers who hold the fort in the Bridgewaters of this nation, and they are all over. We see a psychiatrist interviewing a new patient. We see another one and his staff as they question another patient and then discuss him upside down. In sum, we see ourselves. Even the most callous and cynical politician has a right to become uneasy and fearful when he sees the most respected, educated and "rational" members of his world, his middle-class, professional world, behave as they do in this film.

"Why do you do this when you have a good wife?" asks the doctor of a youth driven to molest children. The questions pour out, one after another - crudely put, monotonously asked; the young man is told that he is sick, sick, sick. His frightened, searching face contrasts with the doctor's boredom, his weariness, his vulgarity, his lack of interest in the man he yet feels free to interrogate (feels he has the right and knows he has the power to interrogate). Then there is the staff meeting where another heartbreaking encounter takes place. A young man feels himself driven mad by the hospital, and pleads for a return to a regular jail. Again the questions shoot out at him and in a few minutes shred him to bits. He is given a label, a diagnosis. The faces, the professional faces, smile ever so faintly. They are satisfied. He can go. It is cruel of Mr. Wiseman to have done that to us - all of us who pin names on people in order to brush them aside.

In any event, the film's producer and director is now in court, charged with violating the privacy of patients, and with a "breach of contract." The documentary wasn't supposed to turn out like that, say the men who allowed it to be made. The politicians, who

for years ignored Bridgewater's problems, have someone to attack, a movie to vilify. The former lieutenant governor, Mr. Richardson, and Bridgewater's Superintendent, Mr. Gaughan, have to run for cover, run for their lives. And the same politicians also have people to defend: the inmates whose privacy has been invaded.

Titicut Follies is a brilliant work of art, and as such it will not go unnoticed, despite the opposition to it. We are asked not to be outraged at others - a cheap and easily spent kind of emotion - but to look at ourselves, the rich and strong ones whose agents hurt the weak and maimed in the name of - what? Our freedom. Our security. Our civilization. Were men's "rights" violated, or do places like Bridgewater strip men of everything, their "rights," their dignity, their humanity? Does a man like Frederick Wiseman have the obligation to say, tell or show what he saw, or is the state entitled to its privacy? If so, how can we move the state to correct its wrongs, to end its evasion or corruption or worse? (A series of newspaper stories over the years have had only a limited effect.) How long will men like Mr. Richardson, Mr. Gaughan and Mr. Wiseman be divided and conquered? They have all three become caught up in a web of accusations meant to gratify some of the more seedy elements in American political life. All the while our Bridgewater State hospitals still stand; and the human beings in them bother us only rarely, when a film like this one comes along or a particularly scandalous story (like the two I mentioned at the beginning) breaks into the news. Anyway, we can even shut out those bothersome events. The inmates of Bridgewater know that, know the limits of our concern. When we see them, that knowledge of theirs, never stated but apparent, unnerves us. For a second our privacy is invaded, we are stripped bare. Then we compose ourselves, and become angry. The rest is easy and perhaps has been best described by T. S. Eliot:

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